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Original Poetry.

MY BEAUTIFUL STAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A LADY OF TENNESSEE.

How delightful the change, that shining star,
For my future abode is a beautiful one!
Oh! upon high was meant, and our Saviour has known,
Of the glorious change that for me there are chosen.
And when I am freed from this temple of clay,
I will pinion my bright wings, and away, oh, away—
I will and to that mansion "prepared not by hands,"
And join in the song of the Heavenly bands.
Oh, hasten life's journey! I long to be free!
My home in your land I delightedly view,
I would see the green fields whose verdure ne'er fades,
I would pluck the bright blossoms that deck its green glades,
I would hear the sweet music that floats on its breeze,
I would taste of the fruits that grow on its trees,
I would bathe in its waters of crystal so bright,
And would walk by the banks of its streams with delight.
And oh, as I walked, as I tuned, and gazed,
I would give God the glory, would give God the praise.
And sorrow, that blessing, denied me on earth,
I no highly would prize because of its birth:
In my beautiful sear—my eternity's home—
That is shining for me in Heaven's blue dome.
Oh! who would stay here in his rhymsy shell,
Who on this dark earth wish always to dwell.
When God in His goodness, His wisdom, His love,
Has hung out those bright homes in Heaven above,
And told us if faithful, if true to our trust,
We should be in the mansions prepared for the just?
Oh! sweet then, ye sleepless, philosophers grim,
Cease trying these bright hopes of mine to make dim
But let me still cherish the essential thought,
That these are the "mansions" which God's hands have wrought,
And pierced in our vows, to encourage us on,
Our duty to do till the day shall be gone.
Oh, yes, on the measure's heaven sake.
To me is the thought of my beautiful star.

Original Novelet.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER;
OR,
THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c. &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(CONTINUED.)

This was in the forenoon.

That night, as Sinclair was returning home from a pastoral visit, through a narrow bridle-path in the forest, a phantom-like figure stood in his way, a slight girl, whose pallid features, sharpened by agony, and whose frenzied eyes, and dishevelled, golden hair, made her object into strong relief by her black dress. He looked twice before he recognised this spectre to be Alice!

"Where are you going?" she rapidly and fearfully inquired, as she laid her wan hand on the bridle.

"Home!" said Sinclair, passing his hand across his brow, as if to dispel a nightmare.

"Take me with you! Do not leave me!" she wildly entreated.

Sinclair threw himself quickly off his horse, took her hand, drew her within the path, and, gazing with anguish into her frenzied face, exclaimed,

"Alice! Oh, my God! What is this?"

"Take me home with you! Oh! for the loving Redeemer's sake, take me home with you! I have no father! I am in great need! I am in dread! I am going mad! Oh! let me hold my head! my brain will burst! No one has a right to snatch my life so! I have a right to dispose of myself! I have a right to dispose of myself! *Take* me with you! Oh! my guide! my friend! my heart's ease! my other home! Let me with you! I am going mad! I am mad now! Oh, I know it! I know it too acutely! I should not speak these words if I were not mad! It is because I have no friend! None in the world but you! My mother is dead! If she were living, she would not let my life be snuffed so! Oh! take me with you! do not cast me back to the fire!"

"Alice! Alice! oh, God!"

"Mad! Let me talk! I hate no one now, mean and bloody as they were! I hope! My soul will be filled with love, and joy, and forgiveness, and mercy, I trust! Oh! for the loving Redeemer's sake, take me home with you! I have no father! I am in great need! I am in dread! I am going mad! Oh! let me hold my head! my brain will burst! No one has a right to snatch my life so! I have a right to dispose of myself! I have a right to dispose of myself! *Take* me with you! Oh! my guide! my friend! my heart's ease! my other home! Let me with you! I am going mad! I am mad now! Oh, I know it! I know it too acutely! I should not speak these words if I were not mad! It is because I have no friend! None in the world but you! My mother is dead! If she were living, she would not let my life be snuffed so! Oh! take me with you! do not cast me back to the fire!"

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"And so I should! I saved! I saved! saying the same things over a score, a hundred times, clinging frantically to him, refusing to relinquish her hold, which she stood supporting her with one arm, leaning over her, whither than mantle, and as mentioned, her head and shoulders, while great sobs would convulse his bosom, and force great tears like heart's blood down his cheeks.

For in that hour of overwhelming grief, the man, institute of men are temporarily obliterated, and women may rave like men, or man weep like women: the soul is for the time, neither of the one nor the other. And, oh! believe me, the highest, deepest, strongest love, the love that endures to agony, the love God wishes to unite Himself to, is of the former.

At last, as by a sudden resolution, Sinclair raised her tenderly in his arms, and resting her head against his bosom, set off towards Mental Calm.

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"Home," replied the minister.

Alice certainly misunderstood him, for she smiled wanly, and muttered,

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And he hurried on, pressing her closer to his bosom, while the large tears fell from his eyes upon her hair. Once she started in his arms, like a frightened bird, and exclaimed, in a paroxysm of terror,

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"But he will not, my own dear Alice! Rest! be calm."

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And she went off in good open *guf* of frenzied laughter.

Sinclair was in the university of Gottenn. He pressed her closer to his bosom, and in the first pause of her fearful laughter, he stooped and whispered, reprovingly,

"Alice, hear me, you laugh so, and your poor mother lying so near by, in her cold grave!"

This recall, however, instantly seemed to deaden effect. Alice suddenly became quite still, and so, holding her closely to his bosom, dropping tears upon her dreadnought of the head, he hurried on to Mental Calm. He here her light form through the wicket, shaded entrance, but he reached the front of the house, he saw that there was a light in the usual sitting parlor. He sustained the steps, and without ringing, opened the door and carried her into the hall, and thence into the parlor. It was empty, but there was a light burning in the adjoining library, and he carried her in there.

Colonel Chester sat at his writing table—pens, ink, and many papers were before him, but he sat with his elbows upon the table, his head bowed upon both hands, in moody thought. He was pale and haggard, as from great fatigue and anxiety. As the sound of Sinclair, entering, caught his strained ear, he inquired, without turning,

"Have they found that ungrateful child yet, Gurney?"

At the sound of her father's voice, though he spoke in sad, and even gentle tones, Alice, who had been resting quietly, started, shuddered, and clung like a frightened infant to Sinclair's bosom.

Sinclair advanced slowly, and touching Colonel Chester on the shoulder, said—

"Turn, Colonel Chester, she is here, but *not* as he."

Colonel Chester turned, with a black frown. Alice started, looked up, recognised her father, and with a piercing shriek clung to Sinclair's neck, burying her face in his bosom.

Colonel Chester sprang to the bell, and rang it with such violence, peal upon peal, that half the household came rushing into the library. Then he turned hastily to Sinclair, and ejaculated to take Alice from his arms.

Sinclair obeyed, gently, to remove her clasp from around him. It was very easy—her arms were very limber, now—and as he restored her to her father, he gave her a look that was for distance, and she sobbed—

"It is not enough for the Angel to wish me, another, for my dream to getting very bad! Can the Angel forget to wake me, mother?"

"Master Sinclair, you and I remain unheard. Permit me to visit my daughter, sir." Then pulling the bell, he said, to the servant who answered it, "Let it within Mr. Sinclair's call, and when he is pleased to retire, show him to his room," and, turning to Sinclair, he said, "Alice was in with her good-evening, sir—" price, scorn, and cruelty in every tone and gesture!

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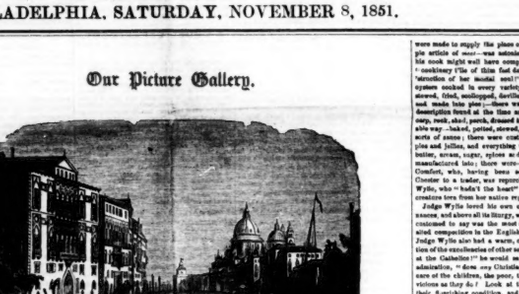

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This splendid palace was built towards the close of the fourteenth century, by Bartholomeo Rosso, a celebrated architect of that time. It is said to be another palace of vast dimensions, which is of the same date and style, and, without doubt, the work of the same architect. In 1438 it was sold to the Senate, by whom it was given to the Marquis of Mantua. Returning soon into the hands of the Venetian Government, it was put up for sale and purchased by the celebrated Francesco Foscari, who was then Doge, and it stands on the *Canale Grand*, and consists of a ground floor and three stories. The galleries of the first and second stories are ornamented with balconies of white marble, and those windows, half Saracenic, half Gothic, which are to be found in other portions only in Venice. Its general aspect is imposing, and its great proportions cause it to dominate over all the neighboring buildings. All the details are full of elegance, and render it one of the most beautiful of all the edifices in Venice. Its interior is adorned by the greatest artists of Italy. For more than it no exists (as this splendid edifice has been the home of the heads of the family of Foscari, and was the scene of the most munificent hospitality. Kings and Queens were often entertained within its walls. But all is now changed. Within 50 years the family has fallen into the completest poverty, and their magnificent palace is crumbling to ruins.

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POINT PLEASANT.

A mansion, where domestic love
And kind hospitality have built their home,
Where sainted children twine the neck of age,
Where hospitable cares light up the hearth,
Blessing the lonely traveler as he roams.
Mrs. Gilman.

There was one family, and that family the very topmost of the aristocracy, which was not the friends of Sinclair, from whom General Garnet had not the will or the power to separate his affections. This was the Wylies of Point Pleasant, as their seat was more frequently called from their delightful residence. We indeed doubt will or the power to do aught to annoy the delightful host of Point Pleasant!

The Wylies had been the last board of Judge Jacky Wylie, still called Judge, because he had once sat upon the bench, though not feeling the dignity of the ermine, he had abandoned it, although he had "sat the bench" for the business. He was a widower, and childless, and as he was always asserting that he "hadn't the heart," when every one knew that he had the largest heart in all old Kent county, and that his generous growth were immortal, so that when he should come to depart this life, his physician's verdict would be likely to be, "died of enlargement of the heart." Yet he "hadn't the heart," was his excuse for all manner of contemptuous extravagance, and improvidence, and the shirking of all manner of disagreeable duties. He "hadn't the heart" to refuse a bill, because, poor soul, perhaps he—the debtor—couldn't pay." He "hadn't the heart" to see his beggar from the door, because, "poor wretch, he looked too weak to work." And worse than that, he—a "Judge"—one board in splendid and genial hospitality, with the ever-welcome entertainment of all the "best society" in the county, giving up or exchanging his pulpit, and abandon what he considered his post of duty, even though he his own tranquility, as out as for the peace of Alice, he must desire to do so. But this gardian hand was out on his long by others.

You will remember that previous to her marriage, and when thinking to avert her approaching fate, Alice had thrown herself upon the generosity of her suitor, by informing him of her engagement with Sinclair, "mentioned by her parents!" and even on a last argument, confessing her affection for her betrothed. I said then that this painful confession and appeal had been made in vain—that it had done no good! It remains to show how much more it did! It was a confession, an appeal that General Garnet would never forget, *or forgive!* If he loved his bright with sun, fruions as the room was, the drops of perspiration were beaded upon his brow. For Sage he was not wise when he broke forth in a tone of agony,

"Colonel Chester, I am not proud, God knows he don't! I was poor when the proudest woman living that ever trod the earth, my love for Alice would have lifted me out of that sin. I beg her of you! without you to give her unto me! I can make her well and happy, because she loves me! And if—if I should fail, you that I love her with the tenderness with which a mother loves her first and only babe, I could never make you feel the extent of that tenderness! If I should tell you that I love her with the *self* devoting love—and it is! it is with the passionate fervor—you would I speak with Christ loved the world—if I were to tell you that I would drain my veins of every drop of blood it could make Alice happy—you could never feel the extent of my self-devotion! If I were to tell you that I shall die without Alice, you would not care, perhaps, though I often feel that I certainly shall! I cannot separate the love of Alice from the love of life, nor when I try to seize the thought, can I realize the one more than the other!" He dropped his head upon his palms with a great heart sob and groan, and looked up again. "I have never asked but in many an earnest prayer could I will never take her without your leave! But, sir! *ever* her to me! ask ambition for once! Give her to me! Else is my soul! Else is my own heart! Else is *no more* to me! *No material* to me! I have been so used to her! I thought her my wife so long! Oh! listen, old man! Listen, careful father! Listen, honorable man! Golden Chester! I had just persuaded her to marry me! I availed myself of the blessed privilege! Oh! did I not? I have held her in my arms a hundred times! I have strained her to my heaving heart, while my very veins ran liquid flame! I have pressed a thousand kisses on her face, until her maiden brow has been red as my lips! red as my heart's blood, and glowing as its fire! Can you assign this to Sinclair, father!—he may seeking of justice, to say nothing of mercy. Can you in very reason give her to another man?"

Colonel Chester arose, agitated with conflicting emotions, yet speaking steadily.

"Mr. Sinclair, have you done? Very well! You cannot complain that I have not heard you with patience; and that you might have spoken your mind long ago, for that was the only matter has been discussed between us. You heard my decision then, and I remain unaltered. Permit me to visit my daughter, sir." Then pulling the bell, he said, to the servant who answered it, "Let it within Mr. Sinclair's call, and when he is pleased to retire, show him to his room," and, turning to Sinclair, he said, "Alice was in with her good-evening, sir—" price, scorn, and cruelty in every tone and gesture!

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The Wylies had been the last board of Judge Jacky Wylie, still called Judge, because he had once sat upon the bench, though not feeling the dignity of the ermine, he had abandoned it, although he had "sat the bench" for the business. He was a widower, and childless, and as he was always asserting that he "hadn't the heart," when every one knew that he had the largest heart in all old Kent county, and that his generous growth were immortal, so that when he should come to depart this life, his physician's verdict would be likely to be, "died of enlargement of the heart." Yet he "hadn't the heart," was his excuse for all manner of contemptuous extravagance, and improvidence, and the shirking of all manner of disagreeable duties. He "hadn't the heart" to refuse a bill, because, poor soul, perhaps he—the debtor—couldn't pay." He "hadn't the heart" to see his beggar from the door, because, "poor wretch, he looked too weak to work." And worse than that, he—a "Judge"—one board in splendid and genial hospitality, with the ever-welcome entertainment of all the "best society" in the county, giving up or exchanging his pulpit, and abandon what he considered his post of duty, even though he his own tranquility, as out as for the peace of Alice, he must desire to do so. But this gardian hand was out on his long by others.

You will remember that previous to her marriage, and when thinking to avert her approaching fate, Alice had thrown herself upon the generosity of her suitor, by informing him of her engagement with Sinclair, "mentioned by her parents!" and even on a last argument, confessing her affection for her betrothed. I said then that this painful confession and appeal had been made in vain—that it had done no good! It remains to show how much more it did! It was a confession, an appeal that General Garnet would never forget, *or forgive!* If he loved his bright

And "Horse Uqlom" and "Miss Ambush" were the prime favorites of the plantation, but withstanding all, perhaps, because of, the dame deed, don't care-idness of the former.

It was with this family, then, that General and Mrs. Garnet contemplated frequent visits. Often the old lady, Mrs. Wylie, accompanied by little Ambush, and a well-to-do maid, would drive up in Mount Calm, in their old fast-bred phaeton, to spend the day, or else two or three of the girls and young men would ride up in pairs on horseback, and return by starlight. And not unfrequently, young Mrs. Garnet would go down with her little Alice, and pass a day and night at Point Pleasant.

There was yet another family with whom the Garnets were upon terms of close intimacy and friendship—their next neighbors, the Hardscuttle, of Hazelcroft Hollow, whose estate joined Mount Calm, lying immediately behind and between it, and stretching back to the forest. The Hollow, consisted of Lionel Hardscuttle, High Sheriff of the State—his only son, Lionel, Junior, a youth of fifteen, and his nephew, Reginald, a boy of ten years old.

Lionel Hardscuttle was the only man in the county, with whom General Garnet could be said to be on terms of close intimacy. Their estates, as I said, adjoined; their rank in life was much a par, and their county interests almost identical. They were also of the same party in politics, of the Anglican Establishment in religion, and as their system upon all common and local questions—as that there was a county jail, and that there was a county, and that there was a great deal to attract them to each other in their very opposite temperaments and habits of thought, experience, and society. So it usually happens to be a Christian of liberal interpretation—he would be one with the military company, and was ready to ride in the same box of tobacco plantations and State politics, and would all for hours together, standing in military silence, yet with open mind to assent and situation, to the discourse of Mr. Hardscuttle, on his favorite topics in agriculture, cheesemaking, etc., while Mr. Hardscuttle would be delighted to entertain or instruct General Garnet for any length of time, with his greater knowledge and experience. Thus their acquaintance was rewarded into intimacy.

And these had always been strongly attached to the family at the Hollow, and though there was a great deal of the establishment to receive her, she continued to accept the invitations to dinner extended to General Garnet and herself, and always accompanied her husband immediately." "Mother, may'n't I see my pink frock on once more?" By this time the baby was awake, and opens his interior battery of artillery.

Instead sooner is, wh—

"Mother, mother, mother, mother, mother!" It's ten minutes past eight. I've been waiting for you ten minutes!"

"I've forgot that I have all the children to see to, and the baby is very fretful this morning," Elizabeth says.

Silence!, but not convinced, the husband is not to be so easily satisfied, and therefore he has he is to take the baby from the arms of his oppressed and tender wife, so that she can hurry to breakfast.

When it is ready, and they are seated at the table, wife next, as usual, pour out the coffee and tea, and husband, as usual, helps the children and enjoy her breakfast.

"My dear," says husband, "it seems to me the coffee is not quite as clear as usual, the steak is a little too rare or overdone, or the hash is not seasoned enough."

Not that he meant to complain—for he knows that complaining is the most unmanly way to avoid intentionally to wound her feelings. But these slight hints to an overtasked woman, and who has the care of the children, and the baby, is irritating to the feelings, and call out many a sharp, caustic reply, of which she repents in five minutes after.

Thus many a woman breaks and shake beneath the pressure of the cares and the affections. She rallies before the world, and bears it, and clear up and call her blessed," and she is blessed by the world, and considered a happy woman. But in it. True, he had no patrimony and no prospects. But look at that fine-looking man in his struggle and overcome; at that massive forehead even now "press with mind!" at those earnest, keen eyes; at those full, smiling, though firmly compressed lips; at that whole face, showing power and feeling and decision of character! Is not his figure and joy! at that whole form and bearing full of gentleness and strength, of earnest purpose and feminine confidence? Is it a man to not wait is called a "gentle boy," no, indeed! Out of the very sight and bearing of the beautiful mother, and the sweet children, there was a very rough, surprising, tonging boy, as his course of vital energy obliged him to be. And if ever one child was the slave of another, Maggie was the most docile of slaves to little Alice. Alice is the very brightest, gayest, most loving, sweetest, and most beautiful child that ever was born to a fond mother. The money expended to help in the house looks so large to some men, and so small to their mind, and they break out into shirts, sweats and collars are in order, not a button off, their stockings darned, etc., they don't trouble themselves about the wife's dress under which those things have been done. Their wife may die for want of needful drudgery, but early and late, if they do not complain, but mend; and bounce old, withered, sallow, sere-faced, and broken-down women, many expended their time, and frequently give place to a second wife, who has the luck to get the property that the first should have enjoyed through a long age of rest.

We begin to see the day when there will be a reform in this thing. We call upon women to engage in this reform—for I fear that many of you are deeply in the dust of this evil. Many of your heads that life can be enjoyed more truly by the proper preservation of the health and happy complacents and good spirits, of their menagerie: that if they would have intelligent, orderly children, neat house, good cooking, well selling wives, they must not be too willing to be martyrs to the cause. Let them be willing, and to their own improvement and the training of their children in the most mental drudgery. Let them be willing to be called to the office of a society consists in the division of labor—and a humble housekeeper agrees with him.

WELL SAID.—Punch says it is fearful to reflect how many persons rush into matrimony totally unprepared for the awful change that awaits them! A man may be "well to do" in one, before he knows the difference between a joint stool and a joint of meat, or how to grant a marriage license to anybody, simply because he was of age, than a fireman, on the ground that he was used to putting out fires. Unfortunately it is educated.—It would like to have a few words with the parents of young and hungry-looked persons "about to marry."

Are you aware of the price of meat and coal—do? Do you know which is more economical, the adult hour or the rural? How far, young man, will a leg of mutton go in a small family? How much does it cost, now, to clothe three sons? Do you know the price of a few pewter? Besides, if your son, rash youth, thus puts pet annum, that brunette, veils, caps, ribbons, flowers, pelerines, cardinals, muffs, gloves, corsets, bustles, &c., would probably come to be a long? If unable to answer these inquiries, we would strongly advise you to go back to school!!!

☞ "I say, boy, stop that ox." "I haven't got no stoppin, sir." "Well, lend him, then." "He's already headed, sir." "Confound your impertinence—you lie." "He's right sure, sir, he never was there." "Then you're a fool, you rascal, you." "Good-morning, Mr. Ox."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1852.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE LEADING LITERARY WEEKLY OF THE UNION.

The proprietors of the POST think it unnecessary to dwell upon the distinguishing features of their well-known weekly, whose brilliant success during an existence of THIRTY YEARS is a sure guarantee for the future. We have the pleasure of announcing our current engagements with that distinguished gentleman,

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "THE DISCARDED WIFE," "RESPONSIBILITY," etc. During the coming year, we have already made arrangements for the following novelets:—

EOLINE; OR, MAGNOLIA VALE:

By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, Author of "Linda," "Rena," etc.

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTHWEST:

A COMPANION TO "PRAIRIE FLOWER." By EMERSON BENNETT, Author of "Prairie Flower," "The Bandits of the Osage," etc.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH:

By T. S. ARTHUR, Author of "The Iron Hand," "Temperance Tales," etc. And last, but not least,

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON:

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND RESTORATION. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, Author of "The Deserted Wife," etc., etc.

Remember this! What the proprietors of the Post promise, they perform—do better. They do not announce a long list of distinguished contributors with whom they have made no arrangement, and whose stories never appear.

In addition to such choice contributed articles, involving a large outlay of money, the columns of the Post will contain a great amount of Miscellaneous matter, including the

CREAM OF THE FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

Witty and Humorous articles, Selections from the Agricultural Journals, Riddles and Conundrums, etc., etc.

REPORTS OF LECTURES.—During the past year we gave an admirable series of Lectures on India, illustrated by TRUSTY engravings, etc.—Letters from England, by D. W. Bartlett, etc.—General Foster—Reports of the Kirkaldy—Book Notices—Fun and Book Talk, etc., etc.

One or more PORTRAITS of remarkable persons, or PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES are also weekly given.

In conclusion, we may say—that we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired of being a strictly moral paper; one that a parent may allow to go freely before his innocent sons and daughters. A carefully guarded shall also be kept, as heretofore, over our ADVERTISING COLUMNS, that nothing of an improper character may obtain admittance.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may promise, we will not be behind in the performance. A paper that has existed for thirty years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now the largest list of subscribers of any paper of the same class, in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by any rival.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are Two Dollars if paid in advance, Three Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office:

4 Copies,		$5.00 Per Annum.
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13	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club)	$15.00 "
26	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club)	$20.00 "

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk: When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid*,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 98 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST *as a sample*, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, post-paid.

☞ Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it (the notices of new novelets, and our terms,) for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. With those who do neither, we reserve the liberty to exchange or not, at our pleasure.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY POST.—We have missed this sterling paper from our table for the last two or three weeks. If the publisher has not one subscriber more than we are by far, he should have been subpœned to lose inconvenience, perhaps, by the loss of one of our literary exchanges. To us the "Post" has come to be a sort of household necessity with our family, as it is with most of those papers whose morality we can trust, and we have, therefore, been in the habit of taking it hence as regularly as it came to hand. Now it stopped its visits very long, we also interrogated by wife, sister, and even lisping children, "Did you forget to bring us the Post?" For that we fear we shall be compelled to subscribe—now to become a subscriber, if, indeed, some enterprising trucker will continue the civility of an exchange. We know how burdensome the exchange list often becomes to the publishers of popular newspapers; and shall not therefore feel that any disrespect is shown us if we are among the exscinded; but in every case we do not know a better family paper.—*Mc-Clellan Pioneer, Clearfield County, Pa.*

THE SETTER THAN THE NEW.—For an illustration of this we have only to point to the Philadelphia Saturday Post, conducted upon much the old thousand and one protractive papers of recent origin. If the Post be the equal, we have yet to see it. The Post is in full old volume.—*The New York Organ.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This is one of the largest and very best of the Philadelphia Weeklies, containing about 56 columns of reading matter of the first quality, and admirably conducted in all the leading public as one of the best family newspapers published in the country.—*Democrat, Johnstown, New York.*

The Post is now, beyond all doubt, one of the very best literary papers in the United States. It has, we believe, a circulation greater than any other paper of its kind in the Union.—*Veteran Corespondent, Rodney Mott.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This is one of the very best family papers published, and withal one of the largest ones. Its editors are persons of sound, conservative and a healthy, moral tone, and its readers all so acting. We wish it that success which it deserves a month, and no doubt receives.—*Western Missionary, Tiffin, Ohio.*

As we have said, and we still regard "The Post" as the best literary paper in the country. It is a paper of long standing, and of the hardest character, strong sense, dignified, respectful, just, and pure. No father need be afraid to put it in the hands of his family, without first examining it, for it contains nothing to contaminate. The circulation of such a paper is well calculated to the consistency.—*Port Wayne Times, Indiana.*

The Post is the oldest, and in reality the best city paper now published. It is, emphatically, the leading and largest weekly in the Union; and of any of our friends are in want of a pleasant companion, to wile away the long winter evenings, we cheerfully recommend the Saturday Evening Post as a *ne plus ultra* paper, and one always filled with interesting and moral reading.—*Lackawanna Journal, Carbondale, Pennsylvania.*

THE POST.—This is acknowledged to be the best literary paper published in the City of Brotherly Love!

We recommend it to old or young, learned or unlearned, to rich and poor! Its principles are sound—and its tone lofty and refined!—*Monthly Bride, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, is the best and cheapest literary paper in the Union. Its columns are not filled with trashy articles, but it is a strictly moral paper.—*Democrat, Bellefonte, Pa.*

THE POST.—As a newspaper, we can say, without any hesitation, that it has no equal in the United States. It is one of the largest class of the monstrous weeklies, filled with well-selected matter, and the reading matter which we find weekly in its columns is unsurpassed in excellence and usefulness.—*Gazette, Xenia, Michigan.*

THE POST.—No. 1, for the year of many seasons. It never ministers to a corrupt or shallow taste; nor, as in the case with too many of our city contemporaries, does it sneer, in order to attract notice at the cost of religion. Its ample columns contain a variety of reading matter found in no other weekly, and the selected articles seem intended to interest the reader, and not to kindle his passions. Consequently, we find no other occasion than to inflict unpaid trouble or salty reprimand. We do not know whether the proprietors of the Post are Christians or Christians—that question of divine absurdity or our own, but we do know that there is upon their columns, in every case, in the patronage with which the one heralds the other, a guarantee of the fact of the other.—*Saturday Visiter, Lancaster, Pa.*

THE OLDEST AND BEST.—The Saturday Evening Post, (Philadelphia) is now the end of its 24 year's volume. It is one of the best family papers published, and has on its staff the best list of contributors.—*Windham Co. Democrat, Brattleboro', Vt.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—We can't get along without it; then it we get some of the finest things in our paper. No paper in these United States is better or one of the best in the country. Of late, a number of papers have come to this village, and in it, we want no better evidence of good taste than to see the Post in a family; all will read it, from grandmamma, down to little Sam.—*Chester, Bucks' Liberator, N. Y.*

SATURDAY POST.—The Philadelphia Saturday Post, while it is one of the oldest, is at the same time one of the most interesting periodicals published in the Union. Among its contributors are some of the ablest writers in the country; and those subscribers for the paper for a year, generally remain subscribers for life, being unwilling to part with it.—*Democrat, Indiana, Pa.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This is a monstrous nice weekly newspaper, printed at Philadelphia, and is not only one of the best, but the very best of its kind in the Union. We claim some right to a knowledge of matters, for we have been in the trade for ten years and have always read it with profit and pleasure.

In articles are of a strictly moral character, and are always interesting. Indeed, the sale of the paper is a monument of praise to the worthy conductors, and it is more of a magazine than a weekly sheet devoted to news; it contains during the year far more reading matter than any of the Philadelphia Magazines. Mrs. Southworth, the brilliant novel writer, is engaged almost exclusively for this paper. Her tales—and they are tales worth reading—are worth the year's subscription. Her last production will appear in the paper during the year.—*Journal, Junction, Iowa.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This is a journal of rare excellence, and we have an hesitation in saying that it is the best family paper published in any other paper in the Union.—*Star, Lebanon, O.*

Clippings.

☞ "I sells peppermints on Sundays," remarked a good old lady who kept a candy shop, "because they assists you to attends on the services, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you want pickled limes you must come week days. They're another commodities."

☞ It is an ancient and still common opinion that the best possession a noble reason, but at present this is doubted (obvious by the remarks of Mr. Gratiolet and Cloez), as appears by the reports of the Academy of Sciences, have shown by experiment that they execute a deadly poison. They inoculated small birds with the milky fluid contained in the dorsal and parotid glands of this animal, and found that they died at the end of five or six minutes, after violent fits of pain and deranged limbs. Death occurred without convulsions, and all exhibited marked signs of apoplexy.

☞ If you harbor malice against any human being, you cherish a worm in your breast, that in time will eat out its goodness.

☞ CHURCHES VS. SCHOOLS.—Half a score of little towns and hamlets have recently put in their claims for the title of "city of education." It would be more to their credit if they had fewer churches, and less ignorance. In a town of 1,700 inhabitants, with *eight* churches," there must be more bigotry and sectism than religion.—*Portland Transcript.*

The Minnesota papers say that the School Fund has been husbanded so well that every child in the Territory will be provided for. That is nothing. They have husbanded every school they can send up them yet, and it is no more than fair that they should begin to provide for the children.

☞ The Sultan's liberality to Kossuth and all the other refugees, continued up to the day of their departure. They sent him 80,000,000 of piastres, or 1,500,000 dollars, since their entrance on his soil.

☞ Sidney Smith once said, upon being asked if Mezzofanti's memory was not wonderful,—"Sir! it is a tremendous engine of unbridled oppression!"

☞ All imitation of the human form is forbidden by the Koran; and the Mussulmans reply to the painter and the sculptor, "What will then be easier to them figures of thy sewing, when, at the day of Judgment, they demand of them a soul?"

☞ To relate all the ill that is true of the best man in the world, would probably render him the object of suspicion and distrust; and, if this prudence were universal, mutual confidence and esteem, the cement of society, and the cherished bond of friendship, would be at an end.—*Adventurer.*

☞ An ingenious priest, having asked a young woman how many sins she had committed since she confessed, she replied, with as much wit as modesty in her answer, "Father, this is the *first*."

☞ SENSIBLE.—At the Worcester County Fair, five premiums were awarded to ladies, for the best specimens of domestic bread. A sensible list to other societies.

☞ An honest old lady in the country, when asked by a minister whether she remembered the text in his last sermon, answered, "Why, sir, I don't exactly remember what the text was, but now Mr. Hooper has gone, text, your most."

☞ I heard the following from a child's lips the other day:

"Why you go away, Uncle Fred?"

"Poor Uncle Fred must go to earn his bread, child."

"Wonder for bread! No, no, Uncle Fred—why no wonder for cake?"

And so we all "wonder for cake," for the carriages, the velvets, the gems, the sculptures—for all the gratuitous excess of life.

☞ If it is with true love as with apparitions;—every one talks of it, but few have ever seen it.

☞ Love of justice is the generosity of men; it is only the fear of suffering from injustice.

☞ The Rev. Rt. Freeman, Missionary to South Africa, writes that the natives vanquish the lions by seizing them by the tail and hitting them on the ground. He says they are so astonished at finding their hind legs suddenly of no use, that they are stupefied, and so killed!

☞ A London gentleman named Fleming recently received a consignment of four hundred tons of cotton from India. It grew in the district of Cawnpore, and cost at 6½d. per lb.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1852.

ARE THE CONTENTS OF THIS POST WORTH AN EXTRA POSTAGE TO YOU? IF AND IT ASSUREDLY IS IT NOT A MORE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 we send the POST three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city to one address, and in the country to one post-office:

4 Copies,		$5.00 Per Annum.
8	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10.00 "
13	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club)	$15.00 "
26	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club)	$20.00 "

Any person getting up a club can remit the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the letter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time as those of the Club first sent. We will cheerfully supply the back numbers, if we have them. Our object is to have large subscriptions in each Club, and at one and the same time, from three months to a year.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the Post Office, County and State in which they live. *All letters should be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office to which it is hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends of the Post Office, will send in subscriptions and get up large Clubs for the Saturday Post; or if they do not feel inclined to do this, to take advantage of our liberal offer, that they will show our proposition to some other friend and respectable person who will be willing to do it. In this way the circulation of the paper is just the same as if we had the money *in the first place*, *as on the moment and payment of the small expense.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SENSE OF KNOWLEDGE.—We will take your suggestion into consideration.

THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

Mrs. Southworth's story, it seems to us, deserves the wide circle in power and interest. As her narrative progresses, it begins to glow and sparkle. She writes so that she has the reader's sympathies with her from the title. We are still able to furnish new subscribers with back numbers.

ILL HEALTH.

A sensible writer in the "Home Journal" says:—

A man ought never to confess himself sick, whether he is or not, until he is dead; and even then, he is not sick, in my sense of the word, but has violated some law of nature which God gave to man. Sin; I say, is the only disease, and every violation of it is a sin.

We say, on the contrary, that the "candid and self-telling reader" is the very one who will seek the truth of the above and the person who wrote it, if he had *reflected* a little while, would himself have seen that his idea was not sound and false.

It is singular how early we feel the traces of this condition—in all sickness a proof of sin and of Divine displeasure. In the book of Job, which is supposed to have been written in the days of Moses, (?) all sickness is laid into the "devil," in so say, "I have been a fool, or my sickness has; I or my parents have violated some law of nature which God gave to man." Sin; I say, is the only disease, and every violation of it is a sin.

The candid and reflecting reader will see their folly.

Job, when his former manner appeared upon earth, the question still agitated the minds of men, "Has this man sinned, or his fathers, that he was born blind?" Jesus answered, and plainly manifested to him."

And yet, in other cases, men were healed by the miraculous power of the Saviour, and had to say "*Go and sin no more.*"

And then we have explanations for what even our reason should teach us: that while sickness and ill crime are often—perhaps generally—the result of wrong-doing, they are not necessarily so.

It may be that sickness never does, save as a wholesome penalty for the violation of some natural law. This was the doctrine of George Fox, the founder of Quakerism. But then we must remember that all violations of natural laws are not sinful, and to be ashamed of—often they are highly commendable.

A mother violates the laws of health when she watches by her sick child, and thus may catch the bed of her stricken child. She may risk her health by her maternal devotion—but is this a sin? Is she ashamed of, as the candid reader quoted would persuade us?

Ah, we have the hopefulness and faith in man, to believe that all the world has some good point around us, do not tardily seem to exhibit and encourage it, and we shall find it. We have the hope and faith to see in them the records of long nights of prayerful watching; of days of toil to make bread sufficient; and of water and water and bitter of days and years of devotion to duty, and we shall find that there is the comfortable means of support; yea, the records of self-sacrifice in a thousand ways, which make the body weak, but cause the spirit to gather lustre over life, and elevate the spirit to a level with the saints and martyrs which have ever trod the earth.

The body should receive its just due in the cases of ill, but we must not fall into the error of making too much of it. Health is a glorious thing, but, like money, not so much for itself, as its results. Whether it be, in the case of the candid reader, that he has violated some law of nature which God gave to man, or whether he has violated some law of nature which God gave to his parents, or whether he has violated some law of nature which God gave to his ancestors, we are not able to furnish him with the exact cause of his ill health.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

In another column we give a list of the foreign journals to which the Commissioners have sent a portion of the exhibitions, or bunners, of all nations, to be exhibited at the Fair. The following letter from Mr. Colton will be read with interest:

"An old woman's dream came to Yarmouth last night, and I was the dreamer. I dreamed that I was in the Crystal Palace, and that I had been there for a week, and had become familiar with the whole of the wonderful collection. It is impossible to describe the sensations I experienced on finding myself in the midst of such a collection of the products of all nations, and I am sure that I should not have believed it possible that so many articles of such various kinds could have been collected together, had I not seen them. The whole building is filled to overflowing, and the Exhibition is divided into the most perfect order. Each nation has its own department, and the articles are classified in the most systematic manner. Each department is under the charge of a gentleman who has been appointed Commissioner by his country. The Commissioners have been selected with the greatest care, and the most perfect order and regularity prevail throughout the whole building. Each Commissioner is responsible for the articles in his department, and he has a number of assistants under him to attend to the wants of the visitors. The Commissioners are all gentlemen of high rank and position in their own countries, and they are treated with the greatest respect and attention by the English Commissioners. The Exhibition is divided into the most perfect order

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

AMERICAN AWARDS AT THE WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL IN LONDON.

The National Intelligencer published the subjoined list of the "Awards made by the Royal Commissioners to the American Contributors to the Industrial Exhibition at London." The list is accompanied by a letter from Edward Riddle, Esq., the American Agent, addressed to Mr. Kennedy, Secretary of the Central Committee, in which, after announcing that "we stood second to no one of the three and thirty nations assembled there, either in articles of utility, labor-saving inventions, or perfect machinery," notwithstanding our contributions were no adequate representation of our industrial condition; he adds:

"As I have not received any reply from you up to this date of the intention of the Secretary of the Navy to send for the United States goods, I presume, in case of receiving no instructions to this effect, when the goods are ready for shipment, I must, on my own responsibility, charter a vessel for this purpose; a result which I yet hope will not be imposed upon me."

The following is the list of awards to United States Contributors:

Class 1—Prize Medals. Adirondac Manufacturing Company, New York, for steel and iron; Morris, Jones & Co., plate iron; New Jersey Exploring and Mining Company, zinc ores, iron (Franklinite) ores, smelting process; Trenton Iron Company, iron of fine quality, ores, &c. Honorable Mentions—Adirondac Manufacturing Company, New York, cast iron, &c.; Morrell, Stewart & Co., sheet iron; Morris, Jones & Co., boiler plate iron.

Class 2—Council Medal. Gail Borden, Jr., for preparation called meat biscuit. Prize Medals—W. Barnes, maple sugar; T. Bell, soft wheat from Genesee; L. Deen, maple sugar; D.B & Mulcahey, cavendish tobacco; C Duffield, ham; J. H Grant, cavendish tobacco; Hecker & Brother, Genesee flour; E. T. Herriot. Carolina rice; B. B Kirtland, a collection of maize, thirty-five varieties; New York State Agricultural Society, collection of wheats; Raymond & Schuyler, flour (thirds); P. Robinson, cavendish tobacco; Schooley & Hough, ham, Cincinnati. Honorable Mentions—John Bridge, oil cake; George Dominick, lard; Hecker & Brother, farina; W. Hotchkiss, wheat; James Lee & Co., oil cake; Mockler & Childs, cavendish tobacco; Oswego Starch Factory, fecula of maize; Oyler & Anderson, cavendish tobacco; James Thomas, do; Thomas & Co., do; H. White, Muscovado sugar.

Class 3—Prize Medal. Power & Weightman, chemicals. Honorable Mention. Wetherill & Bro., various salts.

Class 4—Prize Medals. S. Bond, cotton; Cockerill, wool; W. Colegate & Co., starch; J. H. Ewing, wool; W. Hampton, cotton; Gen. Hicks, tillandsia usneoides; F. L Holmes, cotton; H. G. & L. H. Hotchkiss, oil of peppermint; J. R. Jones, cotton; J. V. Jones, cotton; A. M. Kimber & Co., wool; W. W. Macleod, cotton; the State of Maryland, collection of produce; J B Merriwether, cotton; Perkins & Brown, wool; J. Pope, cotton; W. Seabrook, cotton; J. Nailor, cotton; Rev. Z Thompson, woods; Oswego Starch Factory, starch. Honorable Mentions—E. R. Dix, flax, hemp and guano; G. Dominick, lard oil; T. Emory, lard oil; F. Feuchtwanger, bleached shellac; F. Frank, lard oil; L. Goddard, whalebone; Holbrook & Stanley, lard oil; F. O. Ketteridge, corn husk fibre; R. J. Pell, woods; Trousdale, Jacobs & Co., cotton.

Class 5. (a)—Prize Medals. C Childs, a slide top buggy or phaeton, enamelled leather apron of a very superior quality, the whole well got up and neatly finished; G. W. Watson, a sporting wagon, very neatly finished in all respects.

Class 6—Council Medal. D. Dick, various engineer's tools and presses. Prize Medals—Blodgett & Lerow, sewing machine; T. K. Earl & Co., card clothing; W. Hayden, drawing regulator for cotton; Lowell Machine Shop, self-acting lathe, and a power loom; C. Starr, bookbinding machine; J. P. Woodbury, wood planing, tongueing, and blowing machine.

Class 7—Prize Medal. Iron Bridge Manufactory, New York, model of Ryder's patent iron bridge.

Class 8—Prize Medals. National Institution of Washington, models of ships of war, and large merchant vessels; J. R. Saint John, nautical compass, purporting to show the presence of any disturbing forces upon the needle, and also to show the amount of the deflection resulting from these causes. Honorable Mentions—Samuel Colt, revolving rifles and pistols; W. R. Palmer, target rifle; Robbins & Lawrence, military rifles.

Class 9—Council Medal. C. H. McCormick, reaping machine. Prize Medal—Prouty & Mears, plough.

Class 10—Council Medal. William Bond & Son, for the invention of a new mode of observing astronomical phenomena, &c. Prize Medals—A. D. Bache, balance; M. B. Brady, daguerreotypes; W. A. Burt, solar compass, surveying instruments; J. Ericsson, sea lead, pyrometer, &c.; M. M. Lawrence, daguerreotype; John R. Saint John, detector compass; J. A. Whipple, daguerreotype of the moon. Honorable Mention—J. E. Mayall, photographs.

Class 10 (a)—Prize Medals. J. Chickering, for a square piano forte, and the jury think highly of his grand piano forte; C. H. Eisenbrant, for clarionets and flutes; G. Gemunder, for a Joseph Guarnerius violin, (chiefly) and for three other violins and a viola; C. Meyer, for two piano fortes; E. Nunns & Clark, for a 7 octave piano forte. Honorable Mentions—Gilbert & Co., for a piano forte, with Aeolian attachment; C. Goodyear, for the successful application of a new material (India rubber) for the manufacture of a flute; G. Hews, for a square piano forte; J. Pirson, for a patent square piano forte. Money Award—J. S Wood, for the expenses incurred in constructing his piano violin, £50.

Class 11—Prize Medals. Amoskeag Manufacturing Co., an assortment of drillings, tickings, sheetings, and cotton flannel; Willimantic Duck Manufacturing Co., cotton sailcloth.

Class 12—Prize Medal. Gilbert & Stevens, (Mass.,) flannels exhibited by Johnson, Lowell & Co. Honorable Mention—B. T. & D. Holden, blankets.

Class 15—Prize Medal. Lawrence, Stone & Co., tartans made from native wool.

Class 16—Prize Medals. B Baker, light harness of superior workmanship; H. M. Crawford, calf skins tanned in oak bark; Hickey & Tull, two port-manteaus; Lacey & Phillips, a case of harness; Wisdom, Russell & Whitman, specimens of curled hair, for furniture. Honorable Mention—H. Adams, a portable saddle.

Class 17—Prize Medals. J. K. Hendrick, superior ruling of account books; S. G. Howe, a system of characters slightly angular in form, without capitals, for the blind. Honorable Mentions—Bradley, Band & Co., book cloth binding and block gilding; H. Gassett, superior ruling of account books; J. & W. McAdams, ruled account books and circular ruling; Libell & Mott, specimens of account books; C. Starr, binding works for the blind, with thickened margins to prevent the embossing from being pressed out; E. Walker & Co., a Bible elaborately bound and ornamented, with a recess for a family register inside the cover.

Class 19—Prize Medal. Albro & Hoyt, floor cloths. Honorable Mention—A. A Lawrence & Co., carpet.

Class 20—Prize Medals. W. H. Addington, shoes for mining purposes; Mrs. W. Height, shirt; W. H Seffers, (the workmen of,) ladies' boots and shoes, (honorable mention to Exhibition.) Honorable Mentions—N. A. Breed & Co., children's shoes; W. H. Jeffers, collection of boots and shoes, (prize medal to the workman;) Milward, James & Sons, bonnets made of cotton braid.

Class 21—Prize Medals. Brown & Wells, tools; North Wayne Scythe Company, scythes; D. Simmons & Co., edge tools. Honorable Mention—A. B. Allen & Co., tools.

Class 22—Prize Medals. Adams & Co., bank lock; G. A. Arrowsmith, permutation locks, (with special approbation;) S. G. Herring, salamander safe; C. Howland, bell telegraph; McGregor & Lee, bank lock. Honorable Mention—Pond & Co., cooking stoves.

Class 24—Prize Medal. Brooklyn Flint Glass Company, for flint glass.

Class 26—Honorable Mention. W. Ragan, for mechanical reclining chair.

Class 27—Honorable Mentions. Maryland Soap Stone Company, for articles made of soap stone; Ball & Tear, water vase of fine brick clay.

Class 28—Council Medal. Goodyear, for India rubber. Prize Medals—J. Fone, for comb; Hayward Rubber Company, India rubber shoes; G. Loring, water pail; S. C. Moulton, India rubber goods; Pratt, Julius & Co., ivory veneer.

Class 29—Prize Medals. Bazin, Xavier & Co., for fancy soaps; J. Hauel, toilet soaps; M. J. Louderback, preserved peaches; State of Maryland, collection of produce; J. R. St. John, soap; H. P. & W. C Taylor, toilet soap.

Class 30—Prize Medal. Hiram Powers, for a statue of Greek Slave, in marble.

Chinese Method of Welding Cracked Ironware.—Mr. Balestier, who went on a mission to the East, describes, for the information of the Commissioner of Patents, the Chinese method of welding cracked iron-ware, by cementing them with cast-iron while in a liquid state. In a cast-iron pan, which Mr. B. procured to be welded, the operator commenced by breaking the edges of the fracture slightly with a hammer, so as to enlarge the fissures, after which the fractured parts were placed and held in their natural positions by means of wooden braces. The pan being ready, crucibles made of clay, were laid in charcoal, and ignited in a small portable sheet-iron furnace, with bellows working horizontally. As soon as the pieces of cast-iron with which the crucibles were charged were fused, it was poured on a layer of partly charred husk of rough rice, or paddy, which was previously spread on a thickly doubled cloth, the object of which is to prevent the sudden cooling and hardening of the liquid metal. Whilst in this liquid state, it was quickly conveyed with the right hand to the fractured part under the vessel, and forced up with a jerk into the enlarged fissure, whilst with the left hand a paper rubber was passed over the obtruding liquid, inside of the vessel, making a strong, substantial and neat operation.

General News.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Pennsylvania.—The late vote for Governor was a very large one. Johnston's vote is increased over that he received in 1848, by 10,512 votes. Bigler's over Longstreth's, by 18,274. Notwithstanding this increase of votes, the aggregate does not come up to the last Presidential vote, by 4 219. Col. Bigler's majority is 8,465. Clover (Dem.) for Canal Commissioner has a majority of 8,577. Coulter's majority over Campbell (Dem.) for Supreme Court, is 3,199. Johnston ran some thousands ahead of the rest of the Whig ticket,—Bigler also ran ahead of the rest of the Democratic ticket, but not so much.

Queer Mistake.—Some of the English newspapers having heard of but one distinguished "Douglas" in the United States, have confounded him with the Senator from Illinois; and have lately announced gravely, that the Hon. Frederick Douglas, a colored gentleman, is a prominent candidate for the Presidency.

South Carolina.—The Charleston Mercury gives the full vote in South Carolina for delegates to the Southern Congress, as follows:—For Co-operation, 24 965; Secession, 17,350—Co-operation majority, 7,615.

The Mercury admits the Secessionists have been vanquished and cannot undertake to carry out their views. They must therefore look to the successful party for propositions for action.

Henry Clay.—The Lexington, Ky., Observer intimates that if Mr. Clay's health will permit, he will be a candidate for the Presidency in the approaching canvass.

The Syracuse Rescue Case.—The Republic publishes a letter from Mr. Crittenden, Acting Secretary of State, to the District Attorney of Northern New York, declaring the earnest desire of the President, that no efforts be spared to bring the Syracuse offenders to justice; that the supremacy of the laws must be maintained at every hazard, and at every sacrifice; and that the officers of the government must be protected. He also expresses the belief that a majority of the citizens will aid the officers charged with the execution of the laws.

The Correspondence with France and England.—This correspondence is stated by authority, not to be so spicy as represented. The language of Mr. Crittenden is said to be plain, direct and frank, but not in the least discourteous.

Another New Territory.—The inhabitants residing north of the Columbia River, in Oregon Territory, are in favor of a division. Public meetings have been held in the counties of Clark, Lewis and Pacific, and strong resolutions adopted in favor of the organization of a new Territory.

The Shadrach Case.—Robert Morris, a colored lawyer, is now under trial in Boston, charged with having aided in the rescue of the fugitive Shadrach.

Free Soil Convention.—The New Hampshire Free Soil Convention nominated John Atwood for Governor. Hon. Amos Tuck addressed the Convention, denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law in strong terms.

The Secession Vote.—The following was the vote for Secession in the States of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina, in the recent elections. If we understand it, however, it was not in the first three States for the present exercise of the right of Secession, but for its assertion as an abstract truth. It is curious that South Carolina has not so large a proportion of Secessionists as either Mississippi or Alabama—being only about on a par with Georgia. Perhaps the reason is that Secession in South Carolina meant something more practical, than in the other States. But to the exhibit:

	Total Vote.	Anti-Secession.	Secession.	Anti-Seces. Maj'ty.	Per Ct Majority.
Mississippi,	50,000	28,700	21,400	7,300	14
Alabama,	74,000	40,300	34,300	6,200	8
Georgia,	90,000	54,000	36,000	18,000	20
S Carolina,	40,500	24,000	16,500	7,500	10
Total,	255,400	147,200	108,200	39,000	15

California.—The Democrats have carried the State. See California news in another place.

Recalled.—Mr. Rives, our Minister to France, has been recalled.

Gen. Houston.—The General denies all connection with the "Donaldson humbug," as he calls it. He doubts whether any person of the name of C. H. Donaldson can be found in Texas. If there is such a man, he (the General) knows nothing of him.

A Jewish Divorce.—A Jewish divorce was granted in this city a few days ago. It is the first case that has occurred here during thirteen years. The applicant was the husband. The mode of untying the knot is simple. The aggrieved party lays the case before the Chief Rabbi, who selects two other Rabbis, and the three hear the statement, call witnesses, and, if satisfied that there are grounds for a divorce, give to the suitor a writing of twelve lines—no more nor less—on parchment. This is signed by witnesses, who also see that this party delivers it to the party criminated. When this has been done, the separation is complete, though the parties can be re-married if they wish; but if the wife, for instance, should marry another man, and he should die, the former husband cannot again marry her. The woman, in this case, is not a Jewess by birth or education. She was connected with no church. Shortly after her marriage she appealed most urgently to the Rabbis here to be admitted to the Jewish faith. After considerable opposition her wish was granted. This is very rare, and only one other instance has occurred, so far as we can learn.—*Cleveland (Ohio) Plaindealer of Oct 6th.*

Novel Application of Gutta Percha.—A patent has been obtained by Mr. E. Truman, Haymarket, for a method of fixing artificial teeth into a preparation of gutta percha, made to resemble, as closely as possible, in color, texture, and consistence, the natural gums. The substance of the gutta percha, whilst in a softened state, produced by heat, is made to fit closely in the mouth, and by its pliability enters into every interstice, depression or projection of the jaw, and the processes of the teeth, so that no cavity in which air is contained is left unfilled.—The result is, that the artificial gum clings to the natural gum with a tenacity that requires great force to remove it, and the artificial teeth can be used for mastication, &c. The principle is a simple one, and is exemplified by the common experiment of placing a piece of wet leather upon the smooth surface of a stone, when it will be seen how closely it clings to it. The adaptation of gutta percha to this purpose will avoid the use of metallic plates in the mouth, and prevent many evils known to arise from the use of base metals.

Seamless Clothing.—A curious instance of improvement upon old habits, in a not unimportant matter, is a contrivance for manufacturing garments by machinery, simultaneously with the weaving of the cloth, dispensing entirely with hand labor, with thread and needle, and producing each article without a seam. A Mr. Samuel M. Perkins, of Springfield, Bradford Co., in this State, is the author of the odd process referred to, and it is thus described in the last number of the Scientific American:

The nature of the improvement consists in causing the bat, or fleece of wool, cotton, or other fibrous material, as it issues from the carding machine, to be wrapped on a "Former" of the required shape of the desired garment. The "Former" is made to revolve, and at the same time it has a reciprocating motion in a direction at right angles to the feed, so that the fleece will be wrapped spirally in contrary courses upon the "Former," for any number of layers in succession, according to the thickness of the garment required to be made.

Fugitives from Justice.—Judge Hoodly, of the Superior Court, at Cincinnati, in a recent case, decided that the act of 1793, in relation to the surrender of fugitives from justice, is unconstitutional. He said:

That the section of the Constitution which authorizes the surrender of fugitives from justice is a compact between the States, and can only be carried out by State legislation, where any legislation is necessary to give effect to its provisions.

The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Prigg vs. Pennsylvania, in which a contrary doctrine is affirmed, is an *obiter dictum*, and not a binding authority upon the State courts.

The facts presented in the case of Childs show that he is not a fugitive from justice within the meaning of the Constitution. The fact that a man is charged with committing a crime in one State, and is found in another State, does not render him a *fugitive* from justice. There must be something done to show an attempt to avoid a prosecution in the State in which the offence is charged to have been committed.

Wife of Governor Ujhazi.—The death of this lady has been announced. Governor Ujhazi, in communicating by letter the news of the event to his friend, Major Tochman, uses this touching language:

"The cup of my sorrows is full. I have lost my beloved wife! She departed this life after a few days' illness. Could I have foreseen that my exile was to shorten her days, I would have given my head to the foes of my country, to preserve the life of the best of mothers. Your most affectionate, unfortunate friend."

Sentence for Maliciously Killing an Ox.—At the Hillsboro' (N. H.) County Court, recently, Enoch Pillsbury was tried on a charge of maliciously killing an ox belonging to Joseph Noyes, of Franklin. Pillsbury having trouble with Noyes relative to the pay for his work, threatened injury to his cattle, and the ox was afterwards found in the pasture with his throat cut. The jury found him guilty, and the Court sentenced him to two years in the State Prison.

FROM OREGON.

The dates from Oregon are to the 23rd of September. There is still great difficulty as regards the location of the Capitol.

The prices of travel and freights on the Oregon River have been reduced by competition.

The schooner John Allyne arrived at Oregon City, on the 19th, from the Sandwich Islands, with a cargo of syrup, of sugar and salt. She is the first vessel that has opened trade with that port.

A company of Oregon miners had returned from Scott's River, with $37,000 in gold.

Snow had fallen at Astoria to the depth of eight inches.

The number of emigrants arriving was very large.

The Indians were committing unparalleled outrages upon the emigrants on the Columbia River. The family of Hudson Clark, of Illinois, was attacked by a band of thirty Indians, his mother and brother murdered, his sister dangerously wounded, and afterwards ravished by the whole party.

Mr. Miller, of Western Virginia, had also been attacked, his brother-in-law, Mr. Jackson, killed, and his daughter and himself wounded. Two other trains had been attacked, but the Indians were repulsed. The utmost excitement prevailed in consequence of these outrages.

Niagara Falls.—It is stated that the entire portion of the ledge upon which the Observatory at Niagara Falls stands, is cracked, and is considered to be in a very dangerous condition, so the whole structure, including the Observatory, is liable to be swept away.

Local News.

A Singular Case—Jewish Customs.—A very singular and interesting case, involving customs as old as the Law of Moses, (and perhaps older) has recently been occupying the Court of Common Pleas. The parties are Peltier S. Rowland vs. Harris Coleman and Isabella, his wife. This is a feigned issue to try whether the late John Rowland was indebted to the defendant in certain amounts set forth in the pleadings, amounting, in all, to about $10,000. The questions to try, are two—1st, whether John Coleman, at the time of his decease, was indebted to his brother? and 2nd, whether a certain release, alleged to have been given by the widow of John Rowland, was fraudulently obtained? The question will probably arise, whether a claim made by an executor of an estate is a valid one? Wm. B. Reed, Wm. L. Hirst, and St. George T. Campbell appear for the plaintiff, and George M. Dallas, D. P. Brown, and J. McIntyre for the defendant.

The circumstances out of which the suit grew, are novel, and will, no doubt, be interesting to the community, as very few persons are aware that a part of the Jewish Ceremonial Law, in relation to the marriage of a widow, is still in force in this country. All the parties in this suit are Jews, and the facts are alleged to be as follows:

About the year 1837, John Rowland, the decedent, came to this city from Poland, in poverty. He found his brother, P. S. Rowland, in a flourishing liquor business. He received assistance at the hand of P. S. Rowland, and shortly afterwards was put into business by him, through his means. In 1840 he died, leaving a will and a widow behind him, and making his brother his executor. An inventory of his estate was made, which consisted chiefly of his stock in trade, namely, liquors—he also having been in the liquor business.—The executor filed his several accounts and struck a balance, which balance he claimed as a creditor, and the widow seems, for a time, to have acquiesced. A short time afterwards, however, the widow made claim to the balance, and several suits were the consequence.

In 1847, it seems, the widow had an engagement of marriage with the defendant, Harris Coleman; but under the Jewish dispensation, she could not marry without the approval of her deceased husband's brother. This ceremonial appears to be strictly observed. It is a rule prescribed in the Old Testament, and is considered obligatory. It will be recollected by the reader that, under the Jewish dispensation, the widow had a claim of marriage upon her deceased husband's eldest brother, when her husband died without issue; and in the event of his refusal, she might claim each of his brothers in succession of seniority; but it was not obligatory upon any but the eldest to take her to wife. If he refused, the Law compelled him to submit to the degrading process of having his shoe taken from his foot by the widow, who had the right to spit in his face, with the exclamation of,—"Here is a man who refuses to build up his brother's house." If he still refused to marry her, he was then free to marry another. This part of the Ceremonial Law is not now complied with; but the Jews still adhere to the required sanction of the deceased husband's brother before the widow is permitted to marry again. This ceremony of release is strictly observed.

Previous to the consummation of her marriage with Mr. Coleman, the widow applied to her deceased husband's brother for such a release as the Jewish Ceremonial Law required. This he refused to give, until she would acquit him of all claims she had against him, and stay all legal proceedings then pending. This the widow at first refused to do; but subsequently relented, and agreed to give the necessary acquittal. After such release by her, the husband's brother gave the ceremonial release and the widow became the wife of Harris Coleman. One of the questions in the case will be—whether the release obtained from the widow by the deceased husband's brother, was a fraudulent one?

The testimony for the defence has been directed to establish the allegation, that Peltier S. Rowland, for the purpose of bringing about the marriage between his brother John and Isabella Nathans, informed her father that John was in a good business, and was then worth $17,000; and that he promised to give the release to his sister-in-law to marry Mr. Coleman, without any stipulation—and this before the Rabbi was sent for from Baltimore.

It appeared in evidence that the refusal of Peltier S. Rowland to perform the ceremony of "taking off the shoe," took place in the Synagogue, when the marriage of Isabella with Mr. Coleman was about to take place. This was done in the presence of the Rabbi from Baltimore, and another Rabbi from Jerusalem, together with the ten male witnesses required to be present by the Jewish law. It seems that Peltier, at that particular moment, pulled a paper out of his breast, and stated that he would not perform the ceremony unless Isabella signed it. This was the release of all claims against him.

He was asked by the friends of Isabella whether he had not agreed to perform the ceremony? To which he replied—"Yes, but I have altered my mind." Isabella commenced crying, and refused to sign the release. Peltier then said he would have nothing to do with the ceremony. He put the release in his pocket, and left the room, bidding them good-bye on leaving. The marriage was of course postponed, as the ceremony could not be performed without him. One of the bride's friends was despatched for Peltier, who had gone to his store. He promised to return to the Synagogue and in a few minutes did so; but again presented the release of claims, and refused to proceed until it was signed. Isabella then signed the release, and the ceremony was performed. She was "weeping, sad, and fasting, and Peltier was fasting, too, but not weeping."

One of the singularities in this case is, that nearly every male witness examined has changed his name since he came to this country. For instance, Peltier S. Rowland was known in Europe as Solomon Peltial; John Rowland, as Isaac Peltial, and Solomon Coleman, the father of Isabella's present husband, as Solomon Klatfitski. Mr. Coleman said, that "when he left Poland, he left his name with them as a legacy, but brought his character with him to this country." Isabella was 17 or 18 years of age at her first marriage.

The jury rendered a verdict, awarding to the plaintiff the sum claimed by him $11,711 57, advances made by him to his deceased brother; but setting aside the release executed to him by Mrs. Coleman. This may be considered as a verdict generally in favor of the plaintiff, as the amount will more than absorb the balance of his deceased brother's estate.

Franklin Institute Exhibition.—To last week's notice of new and curious articles, we add the following:

A model of a paddle-wheel boat is exhibited by John Devlin, in a trough of water, to test an improvement which he claims to have invented. He calculates, that by the addition of a driving-wheel upon a second shaft, with a pinion attached, gearing the water-wheel shaft, so as to make one revolution to one of the engine, that he can propel a boat at least three times the distance, with the same power, that could be done under the ordinary mode. His model is moved by a watch-spring, drawing a chain from a barrel on the shaft; and the inventor sustains his theory by showing that the boat is moved the whole length of his trough by the power applied to it when geared, while with the gearing thrown off, it moves but one-third the distance. The model has an arrangement by which the paddle-wheels can be raised or lowered, to suit the bulk carried as freight or fuel, without stopping the machinery. This, however, cannot well be applied to a boat without the adoption of the other inventions.

Among the water-rams in operation, is one, the invention of N. & G. M. Kohl, to which an improvement has been added that prevents the wear of the plunger, and enables it to act with less water than those of the ordinary kind.

A most ingenious apparatus for securing window-shutters, is exhibited by George Gilbert of Geneva, New York. The shutters are opened, shut, or placed in any position that may be desired, by a knob on the inside of the room, and cannot be displaced from the outside without entirely destroying the lower hinge attached to the shutter. This arrangement renders a bolt or other fastening on the shutters unnecessary. A set of hinges, with this apparatus complete, are furnished for from 50 cts. to $1 50.

Under the North gallery, about the centre of the building, is exhibited F. A. Whitecarver's Self-calculating Transit, an instrument of great value to mathematicians. By its graduated geometrical scale, the principle of plain trigonometry, (by which the logarithmic tables are formed,) is plainly set forth, and the invention, altogether, is one of the most complicated, yet clear and forcible, of the philosophical instruments in the Institute. It attracts general attention, and much information is obtained from an examination of it.

Messrs. Lacey & Phillips have a fine assortment of saddlery in the Exhibition. They took a medal at the World's Fair.

Improved Clocks for Denoting the Revolutions of a Steam Engine.—An ingenious and simple contrivance has been invented by Captain A. C. Miner, of the steamboat Charles H. Haswell, employed in the service of the United States Government, which is intended to denote the revolutions of a steam engine. The improvement consists of four wheels, three inches in diameter, and occupying only a space of four inches square. Each wheel has four hundred notches, or teeth. The machine works by means of a pendulum and cranks, one wheel performing an entire revolution pushes forward the second wheel one notch, so that the first wheel has to perform four hundred times four hundred revolutions, before the second wheel performs one entire revolution. The second wheel, in performing one revolution pushes the third wheel forward one notch only; and the third wheel pushes forward the fourth wheel in the same way. The machine, therefore, is calculated, with thirty revolutions of the steam engine to a minute, to run for four hundred and fifty years, without any alteration. As singular as this may seem, we are assured that in practice it is correct. One is in successful operation now on board the Charles H. Haswell. It is a mechanical curiosity.

A Wedding Frustrated.—A bridal party that had assembled on Thursday evening week, in a house not far from the Exchange, which had been newly furnished by the bridegroom, were sadly disappointed by the non-appearance of the bride. The fair one, it was at last discovered, had gone off to New York in the afternoon, but it does not appear whether accompanied by another lover or not. The guests were consequently forced to decamp without the fun they anticipated, leaving the forlorn and disappointed wife-hunter a most unhappy bachelor.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Bank Note List.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

ALMANAC.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

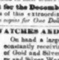
Marriages.

Deaths.

IMPORTANT TO MAP AGENTS.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1852.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.



ROGERS' COACH FACTORY.

DR. D. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.

Preparations for Christmas and New Years 1852

The Mammoth Holiday Pictorial Double

BROTHER JONATHAN

For the Coming Holidays,

CHRISTMAS REVERIE

B. H. DAY, Publisher.

CITY CABINET WAREHOUSE,

173 CHESNUT STREET,

OPPOSITE INDEPENDENCE HALL.

CABINET WARE,

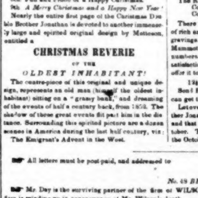
PARIS,

PLAIN FURNITURE,

CURTAINS,

BOUDOIR PIANOS,

GEORGE J. HENKELS,



SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

WE STUDY TO PLEASE.

Selected Poetry.

THE END OF LIFE.

BY MRS. H. S. NICHOLS.

An old man sat by the window,
For the Spring was dawning near,
And the notes of the forest-birds were heard
And gone to the realms of the year!
The sunlight, soft and mellowed,
Fell on his silvery hair,
And formed with gold the dark ground,
Quickly carved in the summer floor.

The hands of the old man trembled,
His head was bowed and dim,
And cold on the heart of the Spring
Was the hand that was falling within;
Like autumn half-perished and dying
On a disinherited night,
Seemed the notes of life in his bosom,
As he sat in the Spring's clear light.

He looked on the young buds evolving,
And a look of his wrinkles came out
Recognizing of the web of his house,
Which the Spring in the valley's green shade;
He thought how her steps had labored,
Through the journey of life,
And how no death's bosom she rested,
When weary and worn was the cloth.

The forms of his summer children
He slightly had added in prayer,
And laid on the soil hay or sorrow,
With tender and soothing care;
Now up in the old man's window
He saw dead men's eyes gazing,
Like a lamb, by the side of its mother,
Where a willow leaned over and wept.

One sad head alone wandered near where
The faint ray's spirit had been,
To greet his forgiveness and blessing,
But the pitying power returned;
Another had wedded with Measure,
And remained the prime of his world,
And one 'neath the Cross had enlisted,
And fought where its banners unfurled.

A daughter, the truest and dearest,
In betrothed by his side,
Nor carried the lot at her esteem,
Who dreamed with beauty and pride;
Her voice was his heart's sweetest music,
When from blue vistas of wood,
That brightens the valley of shadows,
And anoints down the path of the dead.

For all his affection and sorrow,
For all his misgivings and grief,
For the night of his desolate and darkness,
He found it in pages relief;
His life had been clustered with sadness,
And as it drew near to its close,
He longed farther home of the weary—
The land of immortal repose!

The old man sat by the window,
As the sun dropped down in the sky,
His spirit, with silent imposing,
Went up to measure on high;
Another green hillock in Summer
Received the keepers of dew,
And down in the dust of the valley
He rests by the tender and true!

Pictures of Life.

DEATH IN THE SCHOOL ROOM.

A FACT.

Ting-a-ling-ling! rang the bell, on the teacher's desk, of a village school, one morning, when the scales at the earlier part of the day were about half equilibrated, as it was well understood by all this was the command for silence and attention; and when those had been attended, the master spoke. He was a low, thick-set man, and his name was Logues.

"Boys," said he, "I have a complaint entered. Last night some of you were stealing fruit from Mr. Nichols's garden. I rather think I know the thief. The thief may step up here, sir."

The one to whom he spoke came forward. He was a stout, full-looking boy, about fourteen, and his face had a laughing, good-humored expression, which even the change now prevalent upon him, and the fear and trembling consequent back of the teacher, had not entirely disguised. The countenance of the boy, however, was too insensibly for he knew it had, notwithstanding all its flushy, chestnut lock, a singular cast, as it were inward, and that he felt annoyed at the fact rested within. As the striking stood before the place of judgment, that place so often made the scene of humiliation, of coarse brutality, of the boisterous scoffed, indolent childhood outraged, and gentle hearted wounded, Logues looked on him with a frown which plainly told that he felt to be very powerful mood. Happily a sentence and more pleasant system by proper opinion of all that schools can be better governed than by stripes, and more and right. It was a great step towards that consummation when one of the old-fashioned school masters, with his cowhide, his heavy hand, and his many barbarous methods of child torture, will be gazed upon to a moral monument of an ignorant, cruel and exploded doctrine. May propitious day that day!

"Were you in Mr. Nichol's garden, last night?" asked Logues.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, "I was."

"Well, sir," he said to find you so ready will your confession. And so you thought you could do a little stealing, and enjoy yourself in secret, nor you ought to be a shame to you, without being punished, did you?"

"I knew of nothing stealing," replied the boy quickly. His face was suffused, whether with confusion or anger, no one dilated to tell. "And I didn't do anything last night that I'm ashamed to own."

"His hardihood!" exclaimed the teacher, passionately, as he grasped a long and heavy rattan; "give me some of your sleepy-speeches, or I'll thrash you till you beg like a dog."

The youngster's face paled a little; his lip quivered, but he replied firmly:

"And pray, sir," continued Logues, as the entered signs of wrath disappeared from his features: "what have you heard about the matter? Perhaps you only received the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the most dangerous part of the job?"

"I went that way, because it is on my road home. I was not stealing afterward, to meet an acquaintance; and—and—but I did not go into the garden, and saw anything away from it that would not steal—hardly to save myself from starving."

"You had better have stuck to that last evening. You were seen, Tim Barker, to come from under Mr. Nichol's garden-wall, with a little apron filled, and with a bag full of something or other over your shoulders. The bag had every appearance of being filled with fruit, and this morning the melon-beds are found to have been completely cleared. Now, sir, what was there in that bag?"

Like his lord, glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. All the eyes of the school were directed at him. The perspiration rose down his white forehead like rain-drops.

"Speak, sir!" continued Logues, with a lord scathe of his ratten on the desk.

The boy looked as fiercely he would faint. But the unmerciful, cruel, wickedest of having brought to light a criminal, and rushing in the ideas of the contentment he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still greater degree of passion. In the meantime the child remained silent, as it were afraid to do with himself. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frightened, or he was actually mazed.

"Speak, I say," again thundered Logues, and his hand, keeping the rattan, poised above his head in a very significant manner.

"I hardly can, sir," said the poor fellow, faltering. His voice was husky and thick, "I will tell you some—some other time. Please to let me go to my seat now, and I will."

"Oh, yes, that's very likely," and Mr. Logues helped out his words and choice with contempt. "I've found you out, sir, plainly enough; and I am satisfied that you are not genuine a little villain as there is in the State. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall then call you up again, and if you don't tell me the whole truth, then, I will give you something that'll make you remember it for your master's sake for many a month to come—go to your seat."

Glad enough of the ingenious permission, and conscious of a respite, the child crept trembling to his bench. He felt very strangely, dimly—seem as if he was in a dream, that real life; and that the events of the day were a part of a dream between them. The pupils turned to their accustomed studies, the flying fudge of Logues, in the village school, they had been so used to scenes of violence and severe chastisement, that such things made little interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now, while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the mystery of the log, and of young Barker being under the garden fence the preceding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the very meanest hustle. His father had died when he was six years old, and from that time he felt a child, self-reliant lubor, when no one expected to live many months. He was a mere of all, however, the poor child kept alive, and seemed to exercise his strength, as he certainly did in size and good looks. This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician, who had a country seat in the village, and who had been the physician of the widow's little family. This, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his constitution, and strengthening one; and, as he had no children of his own, he would, if he could, secure to himself the boy's affections. Barker was a boy of spirit, and had a strong sense of independence, and he would not be a dependant. He would be a man, and he would be a man by his own exertions. He would not be a mere servant, and he would not be a mere pensioner. He would be a man, and he would be a man by his own exertions. He would not be a mere servant, and he would not be a mere pensioner. He would be a man, and he would be a man by his own exertions.

"Barker," said the physician, "you are a fine boy, and I like you. I will do something for you, but you must not be dependant upon me. You must be a man, and you must be a man by your own exertions. You must not be a mere servant, and you must not be a mere pensioner. You must be a man, and you must be a man by your own exertions. You must not be a mere servant, and you must not be a mere pensioner. You must be a man, and you must be a man by your own exertions.

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